CXVI.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

DOCTOR TITUS,

AND

BEDLOWS GHOST.

Concerning the Bayling the LORDS *out of the* TOWER.

TITUS.

Titus. s'Death! Who calls?
Ghost. Titus!
Tit. *Booger Le Diable!*
Gho. Titus!

Tit. Be Damn'd.

Gho. You must be Hang'd First.

Tit. Be Burnt at the Dog First. I wou'd Cut my Throat with *E*-----*x*, or Starve in a Garret with Sr. *Patience*, rather then out of pure Guilt of Conscience for my Villanous Lying; Sneak out of the World as you did, with a Lie to you.

Gho. With a Rope to you; for a Lye will never Choak thee, otherwise thou shalt get the Start of me; and the Devil thy Father had given thee the Prehemynence before me.

Tit. Well, I have a Thousand Substantial Common-Wealth, Cits, will stand by me still.

Gho. And does thou hope they will be all *Parliament Men*?

Tit. Yes, By your Favour, (Brother *Insolence*) for a *Parliament*, and for a Maker too.

Gho. Yes, I'le warrant you, and for a New Popish Plot, and a Popish Exclusion Bill, like Prince *Rupert's* Monkey; they Cut themselves off by Foolishly jumping into the Piece they have too wantonly Fir'd, and blow themselves up with their own Train. But pray you does your Monkyship think there are no Loyal People in the City?

Tit. Loyal! What dost tell me of Loyalty? I keep no such Company, nei-ther do I desire their Acquaintance. What did ever I get from a Loyal Man, but a base Affront, or a broken Pate, or a scalding Dish in my Face.

But if ever I live to see a *Parliament*-----

Gho. Thou hast nothing in thy Head but a *Parliament*, it has no being any where else, and yet thou hast it at thy Tongues end, like a Scotch Green Goose, or a Parrot, that can say nothing but Tut *Titus*, and Walk Knave Walk. To get thee out of this Language, prethee tell me, what dost thou think of the Bayling of the Lords, and what does the World think of thee and thy sham'd Plots?

Tit. I'le say no more, but if ever a *Parliament* Sit in *England*-----

Ghost:

Ghost. They would ſtill bear it with Patience, as you ſee they have done ſeveral Years together, whilſt ſome of thy Faction are ſo Impatent of Restraint, that they had rather Cut their Throats, then ſuffer a Months Imprisonment.

Titus. Hum! Verily, and in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, I ſee Popery and Idolatry breaking in upon us, like a mighty Current, it cometh like a Land Flood after a great Froſt that drives all before it, and will break us to peices like Earthen Pots one againſt another. The Pilgrims are coming in, in whole Armies; Verily Brother, had the Froſt held but one Week longer, they had been all here on Foot already.

Ghoſt. Yes, with *Tormentillios* black Bills, and blank Commiſſions. But what doſt think will become of thee, when this Invincible Army ſhall Land upon the Downs? They'd hardly pamper the up with Six Diſhes a Day, and as many Bottles of freſh Burgundy.

Titus. Six Laſhes and as many Halters. But while I can ſcape 'em, were it not better faſt at Home amongſt my Friends, then ſtarve Abroad amongſt my Enemies?

Ghoſt. Abroad? Where can'ſt thou hide thy ſelf abroad, from the loud Cry of *Innocent Blood*? *Geneva* will not receive thee.

The Church which thou haſt Renounc'd, will be no Sanctuary; thou wilt be drag'd out of the Pulpit where thou haſt Blaſphem'd, and torn from the Altar which thou haſt profain'd.

I know no Refuge thou haſt left thee now but to *Don John*, or the *Moors* in *Africa*; one cannot chooſe but entertain thee, for thy Intrecate Acquaintance with him formerly, and the others for *Parſon Elliot's* Sake.

Titus. I will go to neither, I will follow my Friend *Patience*, and Coop my ſelf up in a Cock-Loft in *Southwark*.

There I will ſet up an Evidence School, to Inſtruct all People Old and Young, for Twelve Pence a Week in all manner of *Villany*, the moſt Compendious way to Bugger, Plunder, Forge, Cheat, Swear, and Lye too, and again, backward and forward upon all ſides, and all Occaſions with they ſelf, *France* or any other Evidence Maſter in *Europe*.

Ghoſt. Now I am gone, how long will that Trade hold before thou art hang'd.

Titus. Then *Actum eſt Caron perijſti Titus*, and there's an End.

Ghoſt. No, thou ſhalt not have ſo Favourable a paſſage, tho' the Devil himſelf wait to waft the over.

Thou art deſtin'd for a worſe Sentance, which I am ſent as thy Judg to pronounce before thee e're thou have the Honour to be hang'd. *Tubman* ſhall have thee to Death, *Bowman* ſhall burn thee, and *Reading* ſhall Sing the into the Requiem of the Wretched. The Women ſhall Stone thee for thy abuſe of the Sex. The Rabble who proclaim'd thee a Saviour of the Nation ſhall tear thee in peices for an Impoſture. Thy Quarters ſhall Adorn the City Gates, and thy brazen Face exalted on the ſame Pinacle, ſhall make *Nolls* Copper Noſe bluſh to ſee himſelf outdone by thy Matchleſs Impudence.

When this is done, I ſhall be one of thy Infernal Guard, to receive thee into our Dominions, and prepare thee a Place with thy Brother *Turn-Caſſock Hugh Peters*.

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